

Tell Me About the Snow Ball by melfics (orphan_account)

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Summary:

In the months following her disappearance, Eleven visits Mike's dreams. They lay in the fort and she asks him about things, and he tells her about them. Tonight, she asks about the Snow Ball.

Tell Me About the Snow Ball

Author's Note:

So I've binged the season at least 12 times and I still can't get over El or Mike and El so here ya go

“...Mike?”

“Yeah, El?” His fingers are anxious between them in the fort, itching for hers. They're laying down, nearly against each other, talking about things. Things like... life, and the world. Things that Eleven doesn't understand, but Mike does, and sometimes things that neither of them do.

Last week, when she visited him, she wanted to know about Christmas. Why they didn't have school for two weeks, and why people put *trees* in their houses.

“Is it so they won't die?” She asked.

“No, no,” he said, trying to think of the words to explain human tradition. Stupid, human tradition that didn't make any sense when you thought about it. “No, it's for decoration. You put lights on it and stuff, and ornaments, like glass balls and candy canes and things. And then your family buys each other presents and you wrap them and keep them under the tree until Christmas, and then you open them.”

She brought her eyebrows together. “What are presents?”

“You've never gotten a present before?” She shook her head. “Well, I'll get you one when you get back. It'll be like a late Christmas present. Something pretty.”

She'd smiled at that.

“Yeah, El?” He whispers again. She must be lost in thought.

“Tell me about... the Snow Ball.”

“The Snow Ball?”

She glances over at him. "Yes. What's it like?"

"It's like... Well, I don't know. I've never been. But," he grins a little, "remember how I was thinking we could go?" Eleven nods, eyes still on his profile, and her lips turn up and she breathes out just a bit. He keeps his eyes on the sheets just above their heads, propped between the junk pieces of furniture in the basement. "Well, I thought about it. What it would be like. I thought maybe Nancy, she could help you get ready. You could do whatever she and Barb used to do, listen to music or whatever, and she could-"

"Music?" Eleven asks. Her voice lingers in the way that it does when she's curious about something.

"Yeah, you know, music. Like, singing and stuff."

"Singing?"

"You know singing. Like, God, I don't know, remember on the walkie-talkie when Will, he sang that song- *Should I Stay or Should I Go?*"

"Can you sing it?"

"No, you know what I mean," he huffs a nervous laugh. "My point is, she could help you pick out a dress-"

"And hair?"

"No, no hair- I mean, if you want- but- you're really pretty without it, too. Like, really pretty."

El breathes out and, with the tiniest of smiles, turns her head to face the ceiling again.

"Anyway, you could wear a dress. One that you like. You could even go shopping for one, or whatever. And then, when you're ready, we could eat dinner- Eggos, maybe- and my mom could drive us to the school."

"What would you wear, Mike?"

“Me? I would wear, like, nice pants and a shirt. A button-down, probably.”

“You would look pretty, too, then.”

His cheeks tinge, and he just wants to grip her fingers. He can't, though. This isn't real. He's sleeping. Dreaming.

She's somewhere, gone, and using her powers to talk to him.

“No, boys aren't pretty. They're- I don't know, they're handsome.”

“You would look handsome, then.”

“I guess,” he sort of shrugs, but his cheeks flush a crimson red like the blood pooling under Eleven's nose. She's running out of energy, and they're running out of time. “Well, my mom would drop us off, and we would go inside, and we would dance, and maybe hold hands or whatever, and- yeah. Some people- um. Sometimes they kiss, at dances.”

“We kissed.”

He swallows. “Yeah, we did.”

“I want to kiss you again, Mike.”

“El, no- I mean, I do, too. Want to kiss you. Again. But you can't, not here. You need your energy to help us find you. I need to find you. And then, maybe-”

“I can kiss you.”

“Yeah. You can kiss me this time.”

“At the Snow Ball?”

“Sure. At the Snow Ball.”

“Okay.”

“You should go, El.”

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

She turns her head, and so does he. Their eyes meet, but hers are fuzzy, and he can hardly see her clearly.

“Goodbye, Mike.”

“Bye, El. Hey, El?”

“Yes, Mike?”

“I promise.”

She’s quiet for a minute. Then, “I promise, too.”

Author’s Note:

I wanna write more of these so let me know if you have ideas for what else El wants to ask Mike about :)